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# Feliformia

## Chapter 9 - The Texture Of Our Skin

Another workday was over, and there was nothing else to say about it. I was navigating in between hating and liking my job. If it were not for some of my awesome coworkers, I wouldn't know how I could survive. They kept me motivated enough to keep producing results. But it was taxing. Taxing on my mind and taxing on my body.

Then, there was home. I had to take care of my two rubber catgirls. There was no question about it; I adored this role. But at the end of the day, even if fun, it was additional work. Occasionally Erika was out of her suit and helped me take care of Kitty; it was ironic. I remembered the reason why Erika joined our family; I wanted someone to cuddle with at night because Kitty spent so much time locked away in her crate or sex coffin.

However, since Erika arrived and fell in love with us, and vice versa, Kitty didn't want to be stored away for too long anymore. As she said, only fools didn't change their mind. The result was that, more than often, I got to cuddle with two latex cats at night. I was in heaven.

But still, my body struggled to cope with the demand. Hard to tell if it was because of work or all the cuddling. I needed rest. Discussing this with Erika, mostly, she warned me to be careful. About a year ago, her experience had been similar and was the reason why she left her job, grabbed her big departure bonus as a thank you gift, and decided to take a sabbatical year.

The concept of burnout was foreign to Kitty as she never really worked, so her input was limited to moral support. Erika understood my reality much better. It was not that I didn't like my life; unavoidable stress would just accumulate over time and needed to be taken care of.

So yeah, another workday was over. I parked my car in the driveway behind Erika's and stayed inside for a few minutes. Enjoying the silence and the warmth of the sun that was hitting me through the windows, I looked at my small townhouse and smiled, knowing the amount of perversion it contained.

I was sure some of my neighbors knew as well due to my occasional walking around at night with my two rubber girlfriends. More than once, people in the street made comments, but with Erika and Kitty at my side, it never turned into social conflicts. They defused all situations in a snap of the fingers. It was always a lot of fun to watch.

I got out of my car and walked to the front door just to find it unlocked, which was odd. I didn't want a creepy guy breaking in and doing some bad things to my girls. I preferred to keep it locked at all times when I was not home. Maybe they went out earlier and forgot to lock it back?

I was not as worried since Erika joined us, though. Kitty would be defenseless, but Erika would gut any enemies with a sharp knife and probably finish them with a cheese grater. She was one confident woman with, of course, a hint of newfound sadism. It brought me a certain peace of mind.

I made my way inside the house and kicked off my shoes. I immediately heard someone walking down the stairs to meet me. Which one of the two would it be this time? It was Friday; usually they liked copycatting each other on that day and torture me until late at night. Confusing me was one of their favorite hobbies.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

Since I was expecting one of the pink rubber catgirls, my heart skipped a beat when I saw who appeared before me.

“...”

“Hello! Are you Mark?”

“Who... Who are you?”

In front of me was a beautiful girl I have never seen before. She had short blond hair and big blue eyes. No, they were grey and amazing. Her smile was sincerely perfect. But I didn't know her; what was she doing in my house? Her two hands crossed in front of her white apron made her look a bit shy, and to welcome me, she bowed gracefully.

“Welcome home, Master.”

“... Master?”

As she was leaning forward and looking at the floor, I had another chance to analyze what I was seeing. She was about 5'6" tall and was wearing a green maid costume like the ones from my Japanese light novels. The frilly white apron and headband left no doubts I was right.

Pretty much dressed up as a manga character, her “welcome home, Master” was a direct reference to the nerdy Japanese culture that afflicted me for the past years. As if it was not enough, she was wearing two cute brown and white cat ears and a fluffy tail; it couldn't be a coincidence either. It didn't take a genius to understand this girl was not here to rob me or kill my girlfriends. But who the hell was she?

“Are... Are you a friend of Erika?”

Kitty had no friends, so it was the only possibility I could think of. She straightened her back after her bow and smiled at me some more. She looked so friendly and kind.

“Maybe I am, but it is not important. Master Mark, it is your birthday today, and this is your first gift of the evening.”

She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around my torso, and gave me a gentle hug.

“Happy birthday!”

I was unsettled, to say the least. It was indeed my birthday, I almost forgot about it, and an unknown super cute girl was hugging me in the entryway. There was nothing else for me to do outside hug her back, but it didn't go over too well. In a firm yet gentle tone, she prevented me from doing so.

“Please, do not touch me! I am not your girlfriend. Tonight I will interact with you regularly, and physical contact is part of it. But I'm asking you to enjoy what you receive without attempting to return the favor. Would that be okay?”

“Y... Yes. I suppose. What is going on here? Are you a birthday present?... Oh, I'm sorry, it's not what I meant.”

“It is quite alright. I suppose I am, from a certain point of view. I will be taking care of this special evening. Do you like what I'm wearing?”

“I do... It's very cute... but... Who are you? What is your name?”

“What name would you like to give me tonight?”

Wait! What? I was just staring at her, shocked by her reply. Her answer was not what ordinary people usually give when I asked their names. It was so strange. Seeing me hesitating like this, she tried to ease my confused mind.

“I was told you loved Japanese novels. I do too, so when Erika asked for my help, we selected this character. I will be your maid tonight, and I want you to be as comfortable as possible around me. Just follow my lead, and you'll have, hopefully, a great evening. But right now, you have to select a name for me, one that pleases you.”

Oh, my God. What was happening here? What did my two catgirls prepare for me? I had a cute maid in front of me, and she was waiting to be named. I was starting to understand the concept of what she was trying to achieve, but her insane request prevented me from thinking straight... I searched my mind for the right name. I thought of selecting one that I was familiar with, one from one of my books, perhaps?

“... Syr. Would that work?”

“Syr? That is a lovely name. Please, Master Mark, call me Syr from now on.”

She tilted her head on the side, closed her eyes, and smiled happily. Her little face was so friendly and genuine. She walked behind me and started to remove my jacket. I tried to help her, but once more, she interfered. I had to let her interact with me the way she wanted only. After hanging my coat carefully on one of the hooks, she gently grabbed my hand.

“Please follow me, Master Mark. Kitty and Erika are not available at the moment. I will take care of you until they are ready.”

“... Ok ...”

I followed her upstairs, and she led me to the living room before asking me to sit on the couch of my choice. She was playing her character flawlessly. It almost felt as if I had a real maid. I selected my favorite couch and let my butt drop on the comfy leather.

“Master Mark, you need to start relaxing now. Would you like a drink? I think it would be a good way to start the evening.”

“Well, actually, yes ... I would love a beer, but I can go get it, you know.”

“Master Mark, once more, let me handle everything for you tonight. It's why I am here. I know you are not used to being served, but you have to let me play my role. I will lead you through this already planned evening. Would that be okay?”

Interesting. Syr kept telling me what I could do or not, but yet she was performing as if she was giving me a choice, probably not to break the illusion and make me feel in control. I think I got it this time. I had to keep my man-in-charge habits at bay and go with the flow.

“I'm sorry, Syr. Yes, it would be great. I would love to have a beer then.”

“Perfect, just give me a moment, and I will return with one.”

She went to the kitchen and came back with a bottle and a glass. She poured it in front of me and placed the glass into my hand, and the half-empty bottle went to the coffee table. Then she sat next to me... very close. To give her more room and out of habit, I put my arm around her shoulders as I would have done with my two rubber cats. I didn't mean anything by it, but I quickly remembered what she had told me only a moment ago, not to touch her. It was too late, and she looked at me straight in the eyes. She was so close and so beautiful.

“Master Mark, please... I am not your girlfriend. Once more, refrain from touching me. Tell me about your day instead.”

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. My day was long and stressful. I wish I didn't have to work that hard. What about you? How long have you been friends with Erika?”

“Master Mark, this evening is all about you and only you. Please do not try to find information about me. Could you do that for me? As for your work, it is behind you for the weekend; you do not need to worry about it anymore. This moment is our first activity of the evening, offering you a well-deserved relaxation after a difficult day. Take the time you need to drink your beer; we are in no rush. Do you want me to stay by your side? Do you find my presence comforting?”

Comforting was not the word I would have used. This girl, Syr, was determined to make me feel at ease, and she was excellent at it. It was so strange. I had never seen her before and couldn't think of a single moment when Erika spoke about such a person. Where did she come from? I couldn't ask her, and I couldn't touch her either. All I could do was to follow her plan to make me feel good.

It was obviously a game, part of a bigger setup. I was willing to play along, but I didn't know how to get started, which was making me feel a bit awkward. I preferred to be honest and tell Syr how I felt at the moment.

"Listen... Syr... I'm... I'm not sure what I have to do here."  
"It's alright, Master Mark. I understand."

She leaned her head onto my chest and placed her hand around my waist. She was so soft, and she smelled great too. It was kind of weird. Offering me her affection, and not letting me return a simple hug, it felt as if Kitty and Erika tried to torture me again without even being here.

"Take your mind to the people you love. Tell me about Erika and Kitty. I'm here to listen," she said.

"Hum... Yes... Those two evil cats. What would you like to know?"

"Well, start from the beginning, maybe, Master Mark. Just let your mind go wherever it wants to go."

Quickly, I became more relaxed. Syr opened a door leading to a place filled with so many good things and happiness. I slowly started to talk about how I met Kitty. It was like the pub all over again, when I disclosed my entire life to Erika. I had no idea what Syr knew or not about my life, no idea about what Erika might have told her, but it didn't matter. She was listening attentively to my every word as if it was all new to her.

She took care of refilling my glass and asked questions here and there when I didn't know what to say anymore. Staying by my side this whole time, and making me talk more and more, she was making me feel like a VIP.

Her uniform was beautiful too. It was much higher quality than one of those erotic maid outfits. It had long sleeves, and the skirt reached down to her knees. She had long black socks and small leather boots. It also had a high neck collar, so really, the only visible skin was on her hands and face. She wasn't there to turn me on, which only semi-succeeded because she was so darn beautiful.

"Master Mark, how are you feeling now? You seem less anxious."

"I'm great. You are very good at making me forget about the world. Thank you for that."

“I’m glad. Would you mind following me to the kitchen? I will prepare the first course of your dinner.”

“First course? Am I getting a special meal tonight?”

“Yes, you are. Please, follow me.”

She stood up and guided me to the kitchen as if she wasn’t aware it was my house. This cute performance made me smile a bit. I was wondering what kind of person she would be if she were not acting. Would she be as sweet? Would she be funny? I had no idea. I was getting what I was seeing, an adorable girl with the sole purpose of taking care of me in a non-sexual manner. I sat on one of the stools in front of the island while she started preparing a little something special for me. I took a peek and discovered what she was doing.

“Syr ... are those ... snails?”

“Yes, Master Mark. The information I received was that you loved those small animals. They will be ready in a few minutes.”

Snails! I knew it was disgusting to most people... but I LOVED snails. I was drooling like a dog while she was filling up the snail plate, added a copious amount of garlic butter, and placed it in the oven to cook. She expertly sliced a bit of baguette bread on an angle to go along with it. For some reason, I didn’t have any desire to help her anymore.

My mind searched for past memories. I couldn’t recall telling Erika about this taste of mine, but Kitty knew, for sure, since we have been around each other for over a year. It made me believe Kitty was as involved in this obscure birthday evening as Erika, meaning I was more than likely in trouble.

It only took a few minutes before she placed in front of me the brown ceramic plate containing the small, shriveled creatures bathing in delicious bubbling garlic butter. Another small dish containing a few pieces of bread appeared next to it.

“Enjoy your entrée, Master Mark. Hopefully, it will be to your taste.”

“Syr, this is AWESOME! Thank you so much. I didn’t have any of those in ages. Kitty doesn’t like them. She says they look like small tumors.”

“I’m glad... Please, eat. I will be back in a minute.”

She left the kitchen, but I was too focused on my snails to care. I poked one with my fork and placed it inside my mouth; it instantaneously activated my pleasure center. It was so great that they thought about doing this for me. This night was off to a good start.

Syr went upstairs, probably to check what the girls were doing. I tried not to try to foresee their plan too much; I kind of wanted to be surprised. Anyway, Syr was doing a fantastic job at keeping my guard down. Mmm... snails.

After a few minutes, the cute green cat maid came back to the kitchen and wrapped her arms around my neck as I was finishing my small plate.

“How was it, Master Mark?”

“It was excellent! Thanks so much.”

“Please follow me upstairs. They are ready for you.”

Ready for me? That sounded kinky for some reason; it probably was. Just thinking about what might happen next turned me on. They had all day to come up with something while I was killing myself at work. They didn't mention any of this during our conversations over the past few days. They said we should do something on the weekend for my birthday, but it was such a generic discussion, I thought nothing of it.

I followed Syr upstairs and to the bedroom. The light was off, but there were many candles here and there, giving the room a very different vibe. It was as if it was not my home anymore; I could barely recognize the place. I noticed the different bed sheet set too; I have never seen those before. Syr made me sit on a new leather chair they added for the occasion.

“Please wait here, Master Mark, I will be right back.”

It only took her a minute before returning to me. She brought a tray with a bottle of sparkling wine and a fancy glass. She placed it on a small table next to me and filled the glass with some of the bubbly liquid.

“Master Mark, do not drink it yet, please. Now, listen carefully. No matter what happens next, do NOT touch them. You keep your hands where they are.”

“Them? My catgirls?”

“Correct. This is very important. They will perhaps touch you, but you must not touch them back unless specifically instructed. Do you understand?”

“Y... Yes... Don't drink and don't touch the catgirls.”

“I'm going back to my duties now. I would like you to call me when this is over. Please, do not leave this room until I'm back. Would this be okay?”

Once more, she phrased it as a choice, but I had none. She put me in bondage, a mental one. I felt that if I moved a single finger, something terrible would happen, or I would hurt someone's feelings. Syr and her fake cat tail walked out of the room and headed downstairs, leaving me alone in the silent room with the flickering candles. All I could hear were the small bubbles crackling inside my glass of sparkling wine.

Then some light footsteps approached. I could recognize those easily. The little rubber feet on the laminated floor were unique. My two small rubber pink catgirls entered the room. This was going to be fun.

As I expected, they were wearing their perforated blindfolds and lipsticks. Once again, I had no clue which one was who. The two shiny felines looked quite mysterious in this intimate atmosphere. One of them climbed on the bed, and the other one walked toward me and carefully sat on my lap, wrapping an arm around my neck.

She was gazing at me through the perforated blindfold. Every time this happened, I couldn't help but try to figure out who it was. My useless analysis was sharply interrupted when she spoke to me using her real voice. It was 100% Erika this time. Her face was only five inches away from mine.

“Happy Birthday, Mark!”

“T .. thanks ...”

“No! Do not speak. Just watch. You touch me, and I gut you like a fish.”

With her rubber paws, she moved my hand and wine glass up to her lips. I knew I shouldn't move, but I dared to tilt the glass a little so that she could drink a bit from it. It was not touching, so, hopefully, I didn't mess anything up. She then pushed my head back gently and tugged lightly on my chin to open my mouth. She moved her head above mine and let the wine dribble from her mouth to mine.

Making me drink like this was the first step, and the second one was to complete the operation with a deep sensual kiss. Turning me on was Erika's goal, I could tell. It was a repeat of the night when I made love to her for the first time thinking she was Kitty and shared that whiskey bottle. All I wanted was to grab her and do dirty things. She totally knew it since her rubber paw went right to my crotch.

“You look a bit tense down there. Let us help. Kitty, come here.”

Kitty, watching us like the voyeur cat she was, climbed down the bed and stood up next to Erika. I had to focus; else I would lose track of who was who once more. Kitty wrapped her arms around Erika's waist and just looked at me. Erika gave me a command.

“Unzip our crotches, Mark. Don't try anything else.”

I swallowed at her cold and menacing tone. I wanted to touch them so badly; this was not fair at all. Syr's words were also resonating inside my brain. I had been told not to attempt such a thing. I knew it, but my decision center was failing me more and more. This treacherous ambiance and the sexiness of my latex girlfriends were manipulating my emotions.

I extended my arm and reached Erika's crotch zipper first. I started to pull down the tab to open it. It went reasonably well despite my shaky hands. Next in line was Kitty's crotch. I tried to control myself as I was unzipping her, revealing this warm and delicious pussy. But a bit of her juice dribbled down on my fingers; this was too much.

I failed...

Once Kitty's crotch was fully exposed, I slid a finger up her wet slit and reached her overly sensitive clit... I tried to be discreet about it, but Kitty moaned loudly, which I was hoping she wouldn't do. Why did I even think I could get away with it? Now everybody knew, probably even Syr, that was presumably still downstairs.

"Aaaaaaannhh! Mark! No! Erika said no!" moaned kitty!

Erika slapped my hand away and presented me with her most evil grin. It was terrifying. I swore, there was even a red glow coming from behind her perforated blindfold.

"You have no idea what you just did. You are in for a world of pain, Mister."

What did she mean by this? A world of pain? It was even more mortifying. She and Kitty turned around and climbed on the bed. They knelt, facing each other, and started kissing passionately. I've seen them do this a million times in the past, but for some reason, tonight, in this dark room illuminated only by candles, it was a thousand times hotter.

Kitty was the first one to moan, of course, she always was, but Erika followed not long after. The kissing went on and on as they were rubbing their pink latex body on each other. My cock was so hard, and I wanted to join them so badly. I needed to fuck my catgirls. Was it not supposed to be my birthday? A day when all my wishes were supposed to come true?

Not inviting me to join the fun, the two girls laid down on the bed and started to make love, the most torrid love I've ever seen them do. It was so sensual, so erotic, so feminine. All I could do was to watch and suffer.

Were they really going to leave me aside? Was it because I dared to touch Kitty's crotch? That was so unfair... They set a trap to catch me when they asked me to unzip their crotch; they knew the temptation would be too high. I wanted to talk to them... I wanted to beg them and join! What they were doing to me could be categorized as torture.

For the next hour, they had wild sex in front of me, and only once they addressed me just to say that I could refill my glass and drink as much as I wanted. There was not a glimpse of an invitation to participate in sight.

The two rubber catgirls rubbed their pussy together, they had the sexiest 69 ever, and they noisily made out over and over again, drooling everywhere on their chin and chest. It was so arousing. I wanted to free up my cock and at least masturbate during the show, but I knew Erika's wrath would be unimaginable, so I refrained from doing so.

After what seemed like an eternity, they both came to me and gave me a small kiss on the cheeks, and Kitty ruffled my hair, which was not enough reward to compensate for what I had just endured. My head, filled with moaning noises and erotic images, was about to explode; they had ravaged my mind. The two catgirls left the bedroom quietly, and they disappeared into the darkness of the hallway, giggling.

I stayed there. For a long time. Just trying to absorb what I had experienced. Then I remembered...

"Syr... SYR?"

It took a few seconds before I heard some footsteps climbing up the stairs. The cute maid entered the room and walked toward me. My fried brain thought she was going to sit on my lap and start kissing me, but those were thoughts from an imaginary world. Syr would do no such thing, of course. She took the glass from my hand and placed it on the tray on the side table.

"Master Mark, how are you doing so far?"

"..."

"It is alright. You don't need to answer. Please come with me. You must be hungry."

I stood up, but my legs were not-so-curiously wobbly. It was as if I made love to my girls, without having done it. I followed Syr back to the kitchen and sat on one of the stools in front of the island. Chatting was not what I had on my mind, but since Syr knew what happened, she worked on my recovery right away.

"You did well, Master Mark. Do not concern yourself. I will take care of you until your next event."

"... Next event?"

"Please, do not inquire. For now, I prepared a meal that you'll hopefully greatly appreciate. You may have guessed already by the aroma, but I made, just for you, an elk filet and a side of creamy potatoes. I picked the meat myself this morning from the local farm."

"Syr... This... This is incredible. It is my favorite meat ever! And it's expensive too. I need to give you something back."

"Master Mark! Please stop! How many times do we have to discuss this? You must not attempt to return any favor. Here is your plate. Please taste it and let me know what you think."

Did she scold me again? I was overwhelmed, and I probably drank a bit too much upstairs, that was all I could do to cope with the mental strain. She placed a beautifully arranged plate in front of me and sat on the stool next to mine. Her intention was not to eat with me. Instead, she would just oversee my dinner to ensure everything was perfect. It was so odd to have someone fulfilling my role like this. Usually, it was me who was feeding the girls and making sure they were okay. That's what Syr was doing, just way better than I could have done.

I poked a piece of elk with my fork and put it in my mouth. The amazing taste and texture suddenly made my life so much better. It melted on my tongue like a sugar cube made of heaven. Not only was Syr an outstanding actress, if she were acting that is, but she was also a seriously solid cook.

“Syr... I’m sorry for having a hard time following your rules. I’m not used to it. I really appreciate what you are doing. It is amazing. Your meal tastes just fantastic. I’m very grateful for everything you have done for me so far.”

“Of course, Master Mark.”

More than likely understanding the honesty of my comment, Syr was now smiling wildly. She was a cute maid, but inside she was still a human being, and the efforts put into all of this deserved praise, even though this might have been part of a game.

She served me a glass of wine, again, my favorite. Kitty and Erika have done a great job briefing her about the little frivolous culinary things I loved the most. I was under the impression that Syr knew my tastes better than I did myself.

After the copious meal, she led me to the living room for another round of relaxation. Syr carried the bottle of wine and my glass, and I was following her like a docile pet.

“Master Mark, please pace yourself, there is still quite a bit in store for you tonight. How are you feeling?”

“I feel great. You know, I was very anxious after my first... event. It was quite an intense experience to see those two rubber things having such a great time in front of me. But Syr, you are so good at calming me down. I know you don’t want me to know anything about you, but can I ask you just one small question?”

“... You may ...”

“Are you enjoying yourself tonight?”

She looked at me with her big grey eyes. Then a big smile appeared on her face, more than happy I didn’t ask for her real name or who she was in the real world.

“Very much, Master Mark, very much.”

Her answer put some life back into me. One thing I enjoyed the most was when people around me were happy. Knowing Syr was enjoying herself, and that it was not just a chore or a task, lifted my spirit. It was too important to me to know everybody had fun; this way, I could continue following their evil plan with a certain peace of mind.

“So, what are we doing next?”

“You digest your elk a bit more, and then we will go to your second event. I can tell you a thing or two about this one. Would you like to know?”

“Sure ... Hey, wait for a second! Was this a trick question just now?”

“Yes, it was. Very perceptive of you, Master Mark. I’m preparing you mentally for your next event.”

Well, her answer couldn't have been more honest. She and her little smile continued.

“Master Mark, during your first event, I demanded from you not to touch them in any way. I do not know if you did or not, I was too far away to hear anything, but I don’t want to know, it is between your girlfriends and you. Before your arrival, Erika stated there would be two possible outcomes. Touched or not touched. All I know is that it will strongly affect your next event.”

My blood drained from my face. I did touch Kitty, and the words Erika used at that time turned my guts into a small, shriveled ball of tubes.

*You have no idea what you just did. You are in for a world of pain, Mister.*

I knew Erika, and I was totally screwed...

“They love you very much, Master Mark. You are lucky to have them.”

“Yes... I’m the luckiest guy in the world. Sometimes I think I don’t deserve their love.”

Syr kind of froze up when I said that. She placed a hand on my neck and looked at me straight in the eyes. The words that came out of her mouth were not the ones I expected.

“On the contrary, you very much deserve it. Very much. You would be a fool to repeat such words ever again! Do you realize that you saved Kitty from an uncertain future? She was sad beyond belief before you met her. Having to deal with the loss of her father and having to part ways with her mother, she ended up in the street with only a backpack almost empty. She was starving herself to death emotionally and physically. You did save her, Master Mark.”

“... Syr...”

“As for Erika, even if very strong, she was lost. Yes, she had a fruitful career so far and is now financially independent, but she paid an enormous price for it. Her life. She was exhausted, lonely, and misunderstood. Her soul was screaming for help, but no one was there to hear her complaints. She needed to meet someone smart that could keep up with her great intelligence, but she only found sorrow over the years. You let her into your heart and showed that it was okay to love again. That she was not dead inside.”

Wow. Syr knew a lot about Kitty’s past, which was a bit surprising, but she knew even more about Erika, things I could never have imagined. Syr lifted her soft hand to my cheek and dropped one last sentence.

“Master Mark, you, above all else, deserve to be loved.”

I couldn't utter another word, and Syr knew it. As if I was where she wanted me to be, she stood up and grabbed my wrist.

"It is time. Come with me upstairs."

I was a mess emotionally. Tonight was a roller coaster, and I didn't feel in control of anything. I understood Syr was here to manage my birthday and to turn all of this into a massive love display. Playing with my mind and making me appreciate what was happening was her role, but she was also here to keep me in one piece as I was going through this.

Quickly enough, we were back in the candlelit bedroom, and Syr turned to me with some more instructions.

"Please take off all your clothes and underwear and get under the bedsheets while I'm going to inquire what scenario Erika selected for you. For your sake, I hope you behaved well earlier."

That didn't sound overly reassuring. Syr didn't know, but I screwed up royally during the first event. I was pretty sure Erika would be involved directly on that one as she was the newborn sadist who probably came up with the punishment in case of failure.

I knew Syr would probably not want to see me naked, so I hurried and stripped down before she came back. I pulled the sheets and sat on the bed. This red satin set was so soft. Why did I not buy anything like this before? I slid, and that was the proper term for it, under the sheets, and fully embraced the new feeling.

Hidden up to my chest by the time Syr came back, I noticed her disgruntled look.

"Master Mark, apparently you lacked self-control. Listen, I do not want to be overly involved as I am not your girlfriend. But I have to prepare you for her, so please do not resist. Otherwise, it would make me even more uncomfortable. Do you understand?"

"I... guess... What do you need to do?"

"I have to tie you to the bed and gag you. Would that be okay?"

Would that be okay? It was a trap! It was now clear that Syr was not nearly as innocent and detached as she led me to believe so far. She laid a perfect trap, and I fell for it. If I said no, she would play the uncomfortable girl who just tried to help, making me feel guilty as hell. If I said yes, something out of my control would unfold. I believed she did this on purpose, but yet if I were wrong and she was honestly uncomfortable with all of this, then said no to her, I would hurt the poor girl and feel a pang of eternal guilt. In one word... I had no way out.

"Yes."

First, a black ballgag went in; I was so not used to this. I only tried one for fun; I usually used it on my catgirls to stop them from whining. It felt too much like a payback moment. Then Syr tied my wrist to the headboard using leather cuffs and some straps. It was loose enough not to make me feel stretched. I could probably even free myself with a bit of effort, but it was not my intention. Syr sat next to me and placed her hand on my satin covered belly.

“Master Mark, listen, someone will come in, and you’ll experience new sensations, intense ones. Please don’t be alarmed and do not panic. It will be a lot to take, but if you feel it is going too far, remember those words; you are not in danger. I WILL take care of you after this, and everything will be just fine. You must stay as calm as you can. Remember it, okay? Because it’s true. You are safe. Now, only if something goes very wrong, I want you to open and close your hands a couple of times fully, and everything will stop right away, but please don’t do it simply out of fear. Just nod if you understood everything, else I can repeat. ”

I gave her a little nod.

“Good. Follow all her instructions, if any. Keep in mind this is very special for her as well. I am not sure exactly how she will handle you, Master Mark. But do your best to enjoy the moment as much as you can and make her feel appreciated. This is a very special moment. Like before, when the event is over, you are to call me.”

Syr walked away and went to the other bedroom, leaving me alone in this surreal world. Her? Who was she referring to Kitty or Erika? And what in the world were they going to do to me? Was she just playing with my head? Were they going to kick me in the balls or something, that seemed unlike them. I was super nervous, and there was no going back.

My instinct told me that Erika would be the one showing up... Just because of what she said earlier. And I couldn’t have been more right this time around. Erika’s voice reached my ears, but I couldn’t see her... yet. She was hiding in the hallway.

“Mark, close your eyes. Do not open them until I say so, okay? I have a surprise for us, so don’t spoil it.”

I couldn’t reply, of course, but I closed my eyes.

Dark.

I felt a presence.

Something was near.

I could hear her breathing.

Was she nervous for some reason?

Her hand caressed my leg through the satin sheet.

Slowly, the top sheet crawled away from my body. I felt it slide down my torso, hips, thigh, knees, ankles, and feet. Totally gone now. I was as exposed and vulnerable as I could be. Another caress, on my thigh this time. But... Wait? What was this feeling?... It was a hand, alright, but it didn't feel like rubber. It was not a bare hand either. My brain started to fire in every direction in search of an explanation based on memories. I tried to associate this feeling with something I knew, but it didn't work. The pleasantness of the texture was the only thing I was sure of.

“Do NOT open your eyes yet. I know you want it badly.”

After growling a severe warning, I felt Erika climbing on the bed. I think she was standing over me. The pressure of her feet was on each side of my hips, and something was dragging over my cock. What was this darn texture? What was it? If she were wearing her latex catsuit, that would have been her tail. But again, this was not latex.

She kneeled, squeezing my waist and rib cage between her knees, and she sat on my lower belly. I was now in full contact with this soft and warm texture, and the magnitude of the sensation finally caused me to understand what the material was... and I couldn't believe it. I really really wanted to open my eyes at this point. *Please, Erika, let me open my eyes.* She pressed her two hands on top of my chest... and spoke the magic words that I desired to hear.

“Look at me, Mark!”

I opened my eyes, and I jumped. The mental image I had in my mind was so different than what was in my visual field. My body that couldn't understand quickly enough what it was seeing jerked involuntarily, and I firmly pulled on my bonds. The dark creature placed a hand on my forehead and murmured some soothing words.

“Shhhh, shhh ... it's alright ... It's just me ... Erika. I surprised you a bit, didn't I? Hehe.”

What was sitting on top of me was beyond reality. It was... a human cat! And by this, I meant something I've never seen before. Her face... It was not a human face, nor a latex face like what I was used to. It was a realistic cat face covered in short fur. She had a small muzzle with wriggling whiskers. I even saw small fangs when she talked a second ago. Two cat ears were mounted atop her head too. Her eyes... They were yellow cat eyes... yet, I could sense Erika's presence through them. Her hands rubbing my chest and the side of my neck managed to calm me down a bit as I was observing and understanding.

Even without a gag in my mouth, I wouldn't have spoken a single word. This was incredible. Erika talked to me again using her most attractive voice, the one that charmed me on our first date.

“Come on, look at me some more. Do you like what I'm wearing?”

Conscious that I was admiring her, the small cat raised to her knees, towering over me, to put herself on perfect display. She stretched her limbs out and flicked her wrists while turning her head sideways to display all her features. Entirely covered in short jet black fur, only the inside of her ears were a bit more pinkish for realism.

My brain couldn't comprehend how form-fitting this suit was, or if it was even a suit. I was used to seeing latex always sticking close to her skin; this time, it was fur following every single one of her sexy movements in the same perfect manner. Erika was the closest thing a human could be from a real cat. I then noticed her hands. Contrary to her latex suit, she had fingers...

... and an alarmingly shiny set of claws! Were those made of metal?

“Feel me!” she said.

She slowly lowered her entire body on top of mine while her fuzzy palms slid up my tied arms. If I thought satin felt good, her fur was a thousand times softer. I could feel her heart beating fast through her pelt. Syr told me that it would be hard for Erika too, so perhaps she was extremely nervous about sharing something like this, wearing a costume so different that many people would have thought weird.

She wouldn't get this harsh judgment from me. My current feeling was much different. I was confused and overwhelmed, that was a given, but I desired her. I wanted her to keep going and show me all she had for me to see; I needed to understand her, and I was over-excited to be here with my catgirl.

Her hands slid under my torso and pulled me into a hug. She also rubbed her face against my cheek and then moan-whispered erotically in my ear.

“Hold your breath and endure. I want you to feel who I am tonight.”

Hold my breath and endure? What did she ...

“MMMMPPPHHHH!”

It felt like a bunch of sharp nails digging into the skin of my back. Erika planted her sharp claws right around my spine area in between my shoulder blades, and there was nothing I could do to stop her.

Once again, Syr's words popped into my mind out of nowhere. *You are not in danger... you are safe.* Was I really? Between the mattress and the skin of my back was a set of metal claws, stimulating my nervous system. And just as the pain started to subside, the evil cat began to drag her hands out, making sure to scrape my skin in the process.

"MMMPPHH! MMMPHHH!"

It was one of the most... no... THE most painful physical experience I ever went through. Now my skin was burning from the middle of my back to my sides. Erika placed her cat hands on top of my chest and tapped her fingers on me.

"How did you like this? Pretty amazing, right? Do you know why I'm doing this to you?"

I couldn't reply, obviously, but I had my theory about it. I knew Erika had a sadistic side, but it was not what she meant. I would be in a world of pain. She had said this to me earlier. For my mistake of touching Kitty ever so slightly, I was paying for my sins. Nodding was my only option as she was staring at me with her emotionless cat face.

"That's right. You are smart, you know. Want more?"

"MMMMPHH!"

She planted her claws in my skin, this time in my chest, and she slowly pulled her hands down toward my belly. Not only was my back on fire, but now my whole front was burning too.

"Do you want to hold me in your arms right now instead of suffering?"

Still twisting in pain, I nodded. I wanted her. I wanted to hold this fantastic creature and discover her entire body.

"I'll tell you what. I will punish you harshly for what you did to Kitty earlier. That clawing was just a small taste of what is coming. Once done with you, not a single part of your body will be left intact. Can you tell how efficient those little metal claws are?"

"Mmmmp"

"Oh, don't worry ... if you accept your punishment like a good boy, there will be a nice reward for you. I will untie you and let you play with me for a bit. Would you like that?"

There was so much happiness in her voice that it was almost frightening. This deal seemed so unfair. I barely touched Kitty... I wasn't supposed to, but still... Was she offering some cuddles in exchange for extreme pain? She must have learned to negotiate from Kitty. This was a one-sided deal. There will be a lot of explaining to do once this is all over if I even survive. She

knew I made up my mind already; there was no way I could say no to her, so I nodded submissively.

She put her two hands on my shoulders and leaned forward to murmur something in my ear again.

“Good choice! ... I ... won’t be nice.”

“MMMMPHHH!”

Her claws dug into my shoulder, of course, and what followed was pure madness. She lacerated my entire body, figuratively speaking, and she was very playful about it. Not being in strict bondage per se, I could have kicked her away with my legs but who would do such a thing to their girlfriend. I endured as much as I could and didn’t want to use the emergency signal unless I was dying.

It was so strange. Yes, I was in excruciating pain every time she scrapped one of my limbs with her cat nails, but at the same time, she was pleased about how things were going. She had a lot of fun acting evil while wearing her strange new costume. Seeing her like this made me quite happy. I even started laughing at some point despite the pain... How was it even possible that I became so joyful? I never considered myself a masochist. Maybe she was turning me into one without any of us even realizing it.

No, I didn’t think it was that at all. To me, knowing that my girlfriends enjoyed themselves was what I loved the most. Erika’s joyfulness was contagious, and even if I would not readily admit it, I was simply looking forward to cuddling with her after this torture.

Her evil treatment lasted way longer than I could have anticipated, and there was no clock in this room to help me figure out if the time had stopped. There was nothing I could have asked or said to make it end sooner. Of course, the gag prevented me from doing so, but I just didn’t have the heart to interrupt her playtime. There were only glowing Erika and my agonizing body.

I didn’t have an opportunity to reflect on this earlier, but I didn’t see Kitty at all. She was not part of this act. Syr didn’t show up either. I felt as if I was left alone with the devil I loved. Unaware of it, all those thoughts I had at the moment put an end to my predicament.

My entire body was burning, and my mind started to wander to different places. Without realizing it, I was no longer living in the present moment. Erika saw it in my eyes, and it made her smile behind her mask.

“Hehe. Okay... I finished you! It took a while, but I got you where I wanted. You are tougher than I expected; it makes me feel very satisfied. Let me remove this gag.”

She untied my hands from the bed and rolled my head to the side to unbuckle the gag. She carefully pulled it out from behind my teeth. I was as limp as a roadkill and probably looked the part too. Simply put, she broke me.

Knowing my favorite cuddling position, she laid down at my side and rested her furry cat head on top of my shoulder. She put her hand on my chest, not poking me with her claw this time, and raised her knee to my belly.

“So? How are you feeling?” she asked.

“Shredded.”

“Haha. You did well, you know. Do you want to cuddle with me now? It is your reward, after all.”

“My body is on fire. I don’t think I can move anymore.”

“Mmm ... Then, you just forfeited your reward. Aaaah ... too bad. I’m just going to stay here at your side for a bit then. This clawing was hard work.”

“I get the feeling that you were enjoying yourself a lot, though.”

“I did. A lot! Mark, I just wanted to tell you that you made me very happy! You know, it was the first time I could unleash this annoying feeling that was burning inside of me. I don't think I could have done it without you playing my game and enduring it. I was so scared I wouldn't have been able to push myself as far as I wanted. But I did, you let me, and it felt amazing.”

“I knew you were happy. But I didn’t just endure, you know. It was fun for me too. Intense, no doubt, but fun nonetheless. I'm glad you had a blast, Erika, even though I paid a certain price.”

I lifted my hand and put it on top of hers. She was so soft and warm. I just rubbed my thumb back and forth in her short fur and gently played with her small fingers, checking her claws. They were not that sharp, which made me wonder why they hurt so much.

“Erika, where did you get that costume from? It is incredible.”

“Mark, it is not the time to talk about that. If you like it, just enjoy it, okay?”

“That seems to be the theme tonight... no questions and just obedience.”

“We got ya. You won’t have to lift a finger all weekend, birthday boy.”

“All weekend? Is Syr going to stay here that long?”

“Syr?... Hahaha... You named her as the girl from your books. You are such a nerd.”

“Ah, come on. It was Japanese novel thematic, no? What's her real name then?”

“Haha. Syr. Her real name is Syr. And it is an adorable name.”

“Of course, it is... and where is Kitty By the way?”

“Just napping in the other room. Our sex was quite intense, you know.”

“Yeah! I know... I was there!”

“Ah! Yeah. That's right... you were. I almost forgot.”

After this cruel teasing, we stayed like this, chit-chatting about nothing and everything for the next 10 minutes while I was somewhat recovering. Since Erika got her sadism out of her system, she turned into the most cuddly girl ever. It was so nice just to enjoy the new

experience she was offering me. I was under the impression that this was not something she would repeat too often. Therefore I tried to savor the precious moment.

A bit later, Erika hugged me and mentioned that we had to move on. She sexily left the room, blowing me a cat kiss. Sadly, it put an end to this second event, and I had to call my little maid back.

"Syr? Are you there?"

Once again, I heard her little footsteps from the maid climbing up the stairs. While she was on her way, a horrible realization occurred to me... I was still naked on the bed. I froze like an ice cube when Syr entered the room. Her face turned red, and she flipped her back to me.

"MASTER MARK! I will tell you one last time. I am NOT your girlfriend. Cover yourself at once!"  
"I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to. I'm so sorry."

I lifted my torso off the bed and leaned down to grab my boxers from the ground. I hurried to put them on. As I was moving, it felt as if all the cat scratches on my body were ripping open.

"Owww! Okay, Syr ... You can turn around."

"Do not do this to me again. And... Oh, my God! A... Are you okay, Master Mark?"

"I... honestly... have no idea!"

"It seems that Erika may have been a bit too much into it... Let me look at you... We were supposed to go back downstairs, but... in your state? I'm not so sure. What has she done to you?"

I flopped back on the bed; I didn't even dare to look at myself and preferred just to trust Syr's assessment. All I knew was that my whole body was stinging from the million of scores that Erika inflicted me. Based on Syr's reaction, it didn't look too promising for the rest of the evening. Her body language pretty much indicated that I was out of order. Evaluating the carnage took her a bit of time.

"She didn't miss a lot of areas. Master Mark, it appears you have more in common with ground beef than humans. I will be back in a moment."

The cute cat-maid turned around, and her shoulders' erratic movements betrayed the fact that she was laughing at her own little joke. She bolted to the other bedroom and, sure enough, I heard some low voice talking coming from the guest room, followed by a big laugh. Those were Erika's mixed with, what I guessed, Syr's.

She came back almost immediately with a small cardboard box. Her attempt to retain her laughter made her face distort quite interestingly. I decided to strike while she was vulnerable.

"Having Fun, Syr?"

"Master... pfff... Sorry... pfff..."

"If you are not careful, you are going to lose your ears."

"Pffhaha... Mast... pfff... Stop, please!"

"Hey, Syr... ground beef!"

"Bwahaha! Pfff... Hahaha!"

She took a few deep breaths, trying to stop laughing. All of a sudden, she stared at me with a stern look on her face.

"Master Mark! It's enough! I have a job to do!"

She could barely stay in character... and that was her best attempt. I just looked at her with a big smile, waiting for her to break down again on her own.

"Hahaha! Mark. Stop! ... Stop! We put a lot of effort into this. Just play the game, okay."

"But I did nothing... Alright, come here for a minute, just sit next to me and calm down."

Rubbing her eyes with her wrists, she climbed on the bed next to me. I was not going even to try to touch her this time, so I moved aside to give her a bit more room. I knew it wouldn't last, but it was my turn to help her recover.

"I really like your outfit, Syr. it suits you."

"Thank you... I made it myself."

"You did? Wow... That's awesome."

"Master Mark, It appears I'm reading the same books as you do. I looked at your bookshelf earlier, and we have similar tastes in literature. It is a nice coincidence. I do know why you picked that name for me today. I'm delighted you did."

"We will have to talk about this some more then. My two girls are really not into it. Kitty doesn't read, and Erika is all about business literature. She calls what I read nerd stuff."

"Well, I like it a lot and will be glad to share what I read with you, Master Mark."

We just kept chatting casually like this for the next little while until she managed to relax. She was fully back in character. After thanking me for my patience, she grabbed the box she had brought earlier and pulled out a couple of items from it. It appeared to be medical supplies. As I thought, she was not all that innocent; they had planned the claw treatment all along. Well, at least they came prepared.

"There are a couple of areas that I would like to treat before we move on. You paid dearly for your mistake, Master Mark."

"Hehe... I know... But it was so worth it. Erika was great. Her costume was great."

"I'm glad to hear it. I will apply bandages to your right ankle, right arm, and two spots of concern on your chest and back."

Could she be a nurse in real life? She rubbed my light wounds with alcohol and used some sort of ointment before expertly applying bandages over them. I knew nothing about first aid stuff. Kitty never really got hurt, she was too much like a rubber cat, and when I cut myself or something, I just let it heal naturally. What Syr was doing to me proved I had been an imbecile. It felt so much better once she completed her treatment. My forearm which was stinging like crazy was now perfectly fine under its bandages.

"I doubt it will leave any permanent marks, just don't scratch them, okay?. Your next shower will sting, though. It would be a well-deserved reminder that you need to listen to me next time, Master Mark."

"I already learned my lesson, believe me."

"Please follow me downstairs. It is getting late already, and there is more to come."

She helped me up; I was getting tired... My body was getting tired. Erika did a hell of a job on me. I followed Syr downstairs, and she directed me to the living room where a platter of fine cheese and nuts was waiting for me. Syr also brought me another glass of my favorite red wine.

I wanted to ask Syr if she was hungry too, but she would just tell me not to be concerned and that tonight was all about me. Not used to talking about myself around other people, I wasn't sure what to discuss next, but, of course, Syr read my mind and started to ask me some perfect questions that got me going again.

"Master Mark, why do you think Kitty is always wearing her catsuit around you? Don't you find it quite... unusual?"

"It is unusual, alright. I think it protects her somehow. It's her armor against all the nasty things life can throw at her. She was a bit lost when I met her, and we agreed to let Kitty, the catgirl, take control over her life for a little while. It did her a whole lot of good. It just turns out she never went back to her previous human look. At least not around me."

Explaining this to Syr reminded me of something I asked myself regularly since Erika joined. When I was not home, Kitty allowed Erika to see her out of her suit. So that behavior was related to me. Perhaps Kitty, the latex cat, fell in love with me and vice versa, and she didn't want to take the risk to change. I promised myself never to pressure her out of her suit, so at the end of the day, it was her decision.

"How was she before she wore the suit?" Syr asked.

"I'm not sure. Theresa very quickly became Kitty. All I can tell you is how I felt when I first met her. Actually, I never told anybody about this. Erika knows a bit, but not in great detail."

"Please, do tell me if you wish. I'm interested to know more about her."

"Sure, it is not a secret or anything. I remember it as if it happened yesterday. I will never forget. I got into that bookstore and headed right to the light novel section. Halfway there, I walked past one of the employees, a tiny Asian girl with long black hair. Then it hit me... Something had

paralyzed my body, and I couldn't move anymore. I turned my head to look at her, and there she was, staring back at me with her big black kitten eyes. She and I, nobody could ever convince me otherwise, felt the same thing in our hearts. We were made for each other right this instant." "This is sweet, Master Mark. I've not seen her out of her catsuit, was she cute... I mean, physically?"

I sipped a bit more of my wine before replying as I was not entirely sure how to answer this question. For a moment, I was under the impression that it was not the maid who asked this.

"Syr, you are beautiful ... One of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, in fact."

"MASTER MARK! You are out of line! Why would you say such a thing while we are discussing your love for your girlfriend and ..."

"Hehe, calm down, Syr! You have to let me finish."

"... I'm sorry... But, you made me blush."

Blushing maids were always too cute.

"That is okay. So this is honestly what I thought when I saw you at first. I didn't know who you were, but you were gorgeous. However, when I saw Kitty for the first time... It was the same feeling, but a thousand times stronger. To the point where she became... how to say... invisible."

"... Invisible?"

"Yes, I couldn't look at her anymore. I could only stare at her shining soul. It didn't matter anymore what she looked like. Her clothes, her hair, her eyes, her tiny body, none of this mattered at all. We connected at a higher level. We experienced pure love instantaneously. So, yes, if you are asking me... Was she cute? Yes, totally. But it just didn't matter. So who cares if she is wearing a catsuit or not. No matter what she decides to wear or what happens to her body, I will always love her beautiful soul. Its brilliance illuminates my life."

"... Ghk! ..."

Syr was taken aback by what I told her. I was sure she had a plan to keep me happy and make me recover faster before my next event, but I think I broke it. She couldn't speak anymore and was just staring at me. She frowned a bit.

"Syr? Are you okay?"

"Master Mark. Please follow me. It is late, and you have one more event."

"But Syr, I'm still eating. Erika drained the life out of me. Can we wait for another five minutes?"

"Do not argue with me. Do as I say. It is important."

I guess it meant I should follow her before she called Erika back on me. I would never disobey that maid again. Plus, I was curious. If it was indeed the last event of the night, hopefully, it will be a pleasant one. So far, it had been only teasing and torture. It was my birthday, after all. Certainly, there should be something in it for me.

Since Kitty was not part of the second event, it would be awesome to finish the night with her. I would love to play all night with my small pink rubber cat. Or even better, two small rubber cats. I was getting turned on just by thinking about the potential rubber fest. I couldn't wait to see what they have prepared for me this time around.

I followed Syr to the bedroom, still wondering a bit why she was in such a hurry. She stopped abruptly, realizing she had made a small mistake.

"Oh, wait, I'm sorry, I was supposed to take care of this first. I didn't make the bed, please wait outside a moment, Master Mark."

I didn't dare say a single word. If it was important to Syr to make the bed, she could go right ahead. I was sure she wouldn't ask or accept my help anyway, so I waited in the hallway. Looking at her go was impressive and fascinating. Was she this good at everything?

My admiration was interrupted when a strange noise coming from the bathroom grabbed my attention. The door was open, but all the lights were off, limiting what I could discern. The faint glow from the candlelit bedroom was barely illuminating part of the hallway.

Then I saw it. A black form was stepping a bit closer to the bathroom door in the darkness. I swear, I could see a pair of yellow eyes staring at me. It was the demonic black cat again, Erika. I could sense it was her. The noise I was hearing was her metal claws sliding on the door frame, and she even let out a soft growl that only I could have heard. Her body language was crystal clear... Round two would occur.

"Master Mark, you may come in."

I looked at Syr, who was waiting for me next to a neatly made bed; that was quick. I looked again in the direction of the bathroom, and the black shadow was gone. Did I just dream this? It didn't matter if I did or not, I got scared anyway. Would Erika be cruel enough to make me go through a heavy clawing a second time? Unfortunately for me, the answer would be unquestionably yes.

"Master Mark? Is something the matter?"

"... N... No... Sorry."

I walked into the bedroom, and Syr instructed me to lay down on the bed. She pulled the satin top sheet just over my hips and then proceeded with killing some of the candles. It was getting darker in here, perhaps in preparation for a bloody grand finale. Then she pulled out a piece of silky fabric from her sleeve and came to me.

"Master Mark, I need to blindfold you now. Would that be okay?"

"Syr... listen... I don't think I want this."

"I am not sure I understand? This is just a blindfold, and I will explain to you what ..."

"No, sorry... I mean... the clawing from Erika. It was fun and all, but look at me... she was rough!"

"... Master Mark? I don't get what you are saying. I didn't even tell you anything yet."

Was it possible that she didn't know about what was coming next? That Erika was ready to take care of me again; she was dressed up and had been sharpening her claws on the door frame. Thinking about it a little bit more, there were good chances Syr probably had no clue what Erika just did a second ago, hence her evident confusion. I didn't think she was acting this time.

She put so much effort into taking care of me since I came back from work. Cooking fantastic food was one thing, but accompanying me through this whole madness and being my guide was undoubtedly a lot of work. She even had to tolerate my touchy hands multiple times. Telling Syr that Erika spoiled the next event would be disappointing to her. She put so much of herself into this.

And here I was again. Mr. Nice guy. I just couldn't break a girl's heart. I was ready to bite the bullet and go through this once more just to make a cute maid happy. So be it. I peacefully surrendered, hoping to be wrong about being lacerated a second time. I smiled a grateful smile and let Syr know about my intentions.

"I'm sorry, Syr, forget what I just said. Please, do what you have to do."

"Alright. But please, if something is bothering you, let me know. You reacted rather strangely just now."

"It's all good. It's nothing. I was just anxious about this next event."

She delicately tied the blindfold over my eyes. It was the least restricting blindfold ever. I could certainly take it off just by shaking my head around energetically. Plus, my hands were free. I was getting even more curious about this setup, but at least I would be able to stop Erika if she tried to shred me again.

"Master Mark, I know you can remove this blindfold easily. It is the point. You CAN remove it at any time during this event; it will be your decision. However, I encourage you to take your time."

"Okay... Sounds pretty simple."

"I would like to remind you that you cannot touch me."

"I know that... Wait! Why are you telling me this now?"

"Because I'm going to undress and cuddle with you while naked."

"WHAT?"

Syr was great and beautiful... but... What the hell? I removed my blindfold right away. She was there, standing next to my bed with one arm out of her dress. She froze and looked scared and

embarrassed. A wave of guilt immediately traveled down my chest, but I wanted to know what was going on here?

"Syr! ... Syr! ... Let's talk about this first."

"You ... You don't find me attractive?"

Ah, crap! ... I hurt her.

"Nonono! That's not it! You are very desirable!"

"You... You desire me? But... I was... just going to cuddle with you. Are you saying you want... more?"

GAH!

"No! Wait! I have two girlfriends already..."

"I know that... They asked me to do this. Did... Did I do something wrong?"

GAH!

"They... Kitty and Erika, asked you to do this?"

"Yes! They wanted you to have fun new experiences for your birthday. They thought cuddling with a maid like in your books would be something you would have liked. They convinced me... I just wanted to be nice to you. I'm... I'm so sorry... I thought you believed me when I said you were safe with me around. I will talk to them and ask what they want to do. They said this would be okay... but you don't want it... I'm so embarrassed... I thought you'd have liked this. I'm so sorry."

She quickly put her arm back in her dress and started to walk away. I felt like a major douchebag for doing something this humiliating to her. I really fucked up this time. My two catgirls planned all those activities to make me happy, and their reward was a man who couldn't control his fears, and who was seeing problems everywhere, a man who was unable to have fun and enjoy spontaneous opportunities.

*Enough! That's enough with the worries! I can fix this!*

"Syr... Wait! Please... stay."

She stopped in her tracks but didn't turn back toward me. Was she ... sobbing?

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to ruin everything you worked so hard for, and I would love to cuddle with you. My girls were right."

"They already suspect something went wrong. It's too late."

"No, it is not. I'll put the blindfold back on. Go let them know everything is okay, and we are simply resetting this event."

"Mmm... Master Mark, you were a bit harsh to me. I just tried to give you something nice. It was not my fault. I just went by what they had told me to do."

"I'm sorry, and I'll make it up to you somehow. You did nothing wrong. It was all me. I'm always full of fears, always scared to hurt people. So I try to avoid it, but I always end up hurting them more. I'm really sorry."

Syr turned to face me; her beautiful grey eyes were watering a bit, yet, she started smiling again.

"You know, Kitty said you were a bit weird sometimes. I understand what she meant now. But I find you cute, Master Mark, I quite like you. Okay, I will see if they want to forget and restart. I'm willing to try again."

It only took her a minute to go and come back. She sat on the edge of the bed and told me the result of her negotiation.

"Obviously, they were not impressed, but they said that if you promise to go with the plan without backing out again, we will pretend nothing happened. Your girlfriends really want this for you."

"I promise. I will trust you, guys."

"Master Mark, do not worry about this mistake anymore, and I'll do the same. Please enjoy this session as much as you can. It is all for you."

She placed the blindfold back over my eyes and got off the bed.

"So, we are clear, right?... You won't touch me? If you do, I will stop."

"I promise. I won't. I'll just enjoy whatever you decide to do."

After all, it seemed I could get something right occasionally. I heard Syr's dress falling to the floor. Was this actually happening?

For some reason, this incident lifted a massive weight off my shoulders and gave me a boost of confidence. Surely, knowing that this was all part of a bigger plan to make me happy was a huge relief. I was still pretty sure that Erika would eventually show up and attempt to destroy me with her new claws, but I would cross that bridge when I get there. For now, being cuddled by one of the most beautiful girls I've ever met was something I looked forward to. AND she was a maid...

"Please, move your arms up a bit. Thank you!" she said.

Syr sat next to me on the bed and started rubbing my belly. I couldn't believe how soft her hand was. Maybe I was too used to Kitty's cushy rubber paws. This felt great. Her next move was to climb on top of me and lay down on my chest. Oh my God, she was trembling so much... Why was she so nervous? I guess there was a reason for her to keep repeating she was not my girlfriend.

"Syr? Are you okay?" I asked

"S... sorry... I'm very nervous for some reason. Just let me rest on your chest for a bit... It will get better."

"Take your time. You know, you have the softest skin ever. I just want to hug you."

"Master Mark, ..."

"I know... don't worry. I'm not touching. I'm just saying."

"Thank you."

For the next few minutes, she stayed on top of me, naked. And she was right to take her time, it allowed her to calm down, and her shaking dissipated. She started to move her hands more and more, exploring my upper body. It was interesting, Syr gave me the impression she never touched a man before and all of this was new to her. Then I felt her torso lifting, and she started kissing my face gently, avoiding my lips.

"Master Mark? Is this okay? I... I didn't plan on doing this... But the girls told me it was okay if I wanted to try."

I had been such a douchebag earlier; I couldn't refuse her anything anymore. Plus, it was feeling so darn good. I told her it was okay, and she continued a bit more. Her warm breath was such a turn on. She was kissing my cheeks, my chin, my neck, my collarbones. Her body was more and more relaxed.

Next, I felt something brushing my lips... It was one of her nipples. I couldn't believe she was doing this! It was no accident; Syr invited me to play with her breasts using my mouth. There was not a chance in the world I could resist this. I started licking and sucking carefully what she was offering. I didn't know if she knew it, but her burning crotch was smearing juice all over my belly. I was not the only one turned on by this.

She just wanted to cuddle, but I think she was losing control a bit more than she expected. One cannot do this without being aroused. Perhaps she thought she could resist, but her plan didn't go too well.

"... mm..."

She was fighting hard not to moan, but her body twitched, almost as if she was going to have an orgasm out of nipple stimulation. She pulled away and sat back on top of my belly, panting.

"Master Mark! This... this is insane."

"It is. But it made me quite happy. Hehe."

"It... did?"

"Yes. I don't get to play with naked breasts too often. I have a lot of rubber breasts, and I love them, but naked is different. On top of that, it is the first time I get to do this with a cute maid like you."

"Then... Can... I try... something else? Your girls kind of gave me a lot of freedom for this part."

"Anything you want... I promised."

She was so shy and inarticulate now, and I was the confident one. Just as I thought about this funny role reversal, I felt a tug on my boxers. Syr slid them down my legs and took them off. There was not a chance in the world that she didn't notice how turned on I was at the moment.

She gently rubbed her hands all around my hips and thighs for a short while before placing one of them where I secretly wanted her to put it. Her delicate fingers grabbed my erected member, and she started stroking it delicately.

"Master Mark. Please do not remove your blindfold. This is so embarrassing for me. They told me I could play with you like this, but I didn't plan on doing it. I am a bit... surprised."

"Mmm, hey, don't worry... You are doing great. Just don't do anything you are not sure of, okay?"

As soon as I started to wonder if I was getting involved with a third girl, a soft fuzzy paw touched my chest.

"Hi, Mark! Having a bit fun with our maid, I see. I wondered what was taking so long."

ERIKA! My heart stopped. I felt her little metal claws playfully digging in the skin of my chest. I was embarrassed beyond understanding, one of my catgirls was here while I was getting a handjob from a new girl, and I was not sure if the other one was watching as well. I fought hard not to panic and remove the blindfold. But I promised I would go through with everything. I HAD to let them do whatever they wanted to me. Erika asked me to move.

"Mark, let me sit behind you. Just rest your back on me. I want to watch the show."

"Are you going to claw me again?"

"I didn't plan to... You want me to?"

"No! I had enough of it. Thank you very much. Where is Kitty?"

"Haha ... Maybe I'll claw you just a little. Kitty is still in the other bedroom. Don't worry. She is coming in a few minutes with a surprise. She wanted to be the last one playing with you tonight. But what you are doing to Syr is disturbing."

"What I am doing to...? Hey! I didn't ... She is the one who..."

Syr was silent but didn't stop massaging my cock. It must have felt very strange to give me a handjob while my girlfriend was watching. Erika couldn't have been more easy-going about all of this. There was not a spark of jealousy in her voice, just the usual teasing. She was cuddling my chest from behind and also rubbing my neck with her delicate fur-coated hands. I could get used to this, seriously. I never thought I had a fur fetish, but the sensations were so great and relaxing.

Then Syr decided to take it a step further.

"Erika?... Can... can I?"

"Yes, by all means. Mark is all yours. You did such a great job tonight, you deserve a small reward, right?"

Can what? And did Erika just take ownership of my body and offered it to other people? This new costume of hers was boosting her self confidence a bit too much. We would have to talk about this later. Syr was not an angel either for asking Erika before doing things to me. Good thing I was a willing candidate else I would have felt like a sex toy.

I quickly understood what Syr wanted. She pressed her lips on my cock and started sucking gently.

"Syr! Oh my God... this... feels amazing." I said.

Of course, Syr didn't reply, she was just moaning softly, and Erika planted her claws in my skin to shut me up. I wasn't to interfere with the blowjob. I got the message. She didn't want to take the risk to make Syr more uncomfortable than she was, so she gave me a bit more freedom instead.

"Hey Mark, use those hands of yours ... I'm not Syr, you know. You can touch me."

She was right ... Only Syr was off-limit. I had not received specific instructions this time about keeping my hands away from my girls. I reached her arms; they were so soft and warm. Her costume was terrific. It was perfectly tight to her skin, and the fur felt so real it was almost odd. Unless Erika was a real werewolf, this was a masterpiece of a catsuit.

"Hey Syr, don't make him come yet. He is not very resistant."

"Erika! You can't say that about me!" I retorted.

"Well, why don't we put that to the test. Syr, do you want to fuck him? I mean, you are already halfway there."

Syr froze. Then she tried to eject some clumsy words out of her mouth.

"Erika... I... I... Are you sure? Would it be okay? I mean... Kitty... "

"Kitty will be just fine. She will just tease him for the rest of eternity. Plus, she can pull as many orgasms out of this guy as she wants. Don't be shy; he can't look at your naked maid body with that blindfold on. And, if he tries to remove it, I'll claw him hard."

"But... Kitty really wanted this...", Syr pleaded.

And right on cue, Kitty's voice resonated. She was right there in the room with us, and Syr probably had no idea.

"Meow! Erika's idea is great! You can fuck him, Syr, this is hot. He is all yours. I'll give him my surprise a bit later, that's all. Anyway, with all the trouble he gave you, he deserves to wait a bit longer. Plus, he clearly likes you."

"Hey, guys? Nobody is going to ask for my opinion?" I asked.

"No!"

"No!"

"No!"

I was so screwed. I could never win any fights against Kitty alone, so how could I even think of winning against three cute girls. This was madness, but it was good madness. They did all this for me, to make me experience new things, and it was unbelievable.

First, I got welcomed by a cute maid after work; then, my two rubber cats gave me an unrestrained lesbian show full of perversion; then, Erika unleashed her sadistic side while wearing a new crazy suit she got from I don't know where. And now ... I was on the bed, resting my back on the cute and soft Erika while being watched by Kitty the voyeur and being sexually assaulted by a beautiful maid who came right out from a book. It was almost too much.

I may have mentioned this before, but I felt as if I was the luckiest guy on Earth.

Syr moved around. She climbed on top of me to sit on my belly. She was trembling again. Poor Syr, why was she so nervous? Anticipation maybe?

"Mark, caress her naked body slowly, it would calm her down a bit," Erika said.

"I was told not to do that."

"Ah, don't worry about it, it's fine. Right, Syr?"

"Y... Yes... I think so. Just this once."

Her voice was trembling too, poor little thing. I slowly reached her thighs with my hands, not to startle her. Her skin was warm and soft. I tried to be as gentle as possible when I rubbed her hips and her small waist. Out of her uniform, she was skinnier than I expected. I moved up to her chest and ran my hands on her warm small breasts. She was panting heavily, and her little heart was beating fast.

Erika was behind me, enjoying herself more than just a bit.

"Syr, you are so freakin cute when you are turned on, you know that?" she asked.

"Come on, I want to take my blindfold off now," I said.

"Ah, no. Not before you come deep inside her,"

"ERIKA! This is so dirty!" Syr said.

The cute maid sounded embarrassed beyond measure when Erika dropped her suggestion on us. Nonetheless, Syr groaned and decided to go for it. I felt her hand grabbing my painfully hard cock, and she sat on it, swallowing the whole length in one shot. As my brain melted of pleasure, I kept massaging her body to reassure her everything was fine. It didn't take her long to ride me hard.

For an embarrassed girl, she quickly found her pace. She was good at it too. Trapped between Erika and Syr, getting fucked was the only thing I was allowed to do. I had never been in such a predicament. Kitty, Erika, and I did a lot of fun stuff in the past, but I never felt this helpless and controlled in bed. What a great night of discovery.

The fucking kept going for a while, I got the impression Syr came twice already, but she was way too shy and wouldn't let us hear her moans, even under Erika's encouragement.

And then I came ... and came ... and came, filling Syr's inside. What a powerful orgasm that was. This whole setup made it so unique and exciting. She stopped her hips motion and collapsed on top of my chest, panting heavily and clenching involuntarily around my cock, still prisoner inside her wet and burning vagina.

"Let me take those sticks out of your hair," Erika said.

What? What did she just say? Sticks in hair? What the hell was she talking about? I suddenly felt a large bundle of soft hair falling all around my neck and shoulders.

This was... problematic. I knew Syr had... VERY short hair!

So why was I suddenly buried under a pile of long hair? Who was this girl resting on top of my chest if it was not Syr?

No! It couldn't be!

I've experienced this feeling in the past, every time I got tricked by those evil catgirls of mine. Erika made a sarcastic comment that sent an electric shock down my spinal cord.

"Uhhoh! Mark seems to be a bit confused... again. Come on, girl, sit up properly so we can remove his blindfold."

I felt what I thought was Syr's body on my chest, rising, and then her two hands rested side by side on my thorax in a very familiar way. The very long hair dragged off my chest as she did that. This was NOT Syr! There was no way. My heart was racing, and the blood was pounding inside my ears. What have they done to me this time? Erika, in control, gently whispered in my ear a message that was only for me to hear. She was requesting my help.

"Mark, I think you know what is going on here. Be as nice as you ever been, okay? It was extremely difficult for her to do this; she will need all your support and kindness. I'll take your blindfold off... Tell me when you are ready."

She didn't tell me exactly what was going on, but I fully understood the meaning of it. I now knew what they had done, at least, the important part, and I just couldn't believe it. I got a surge of empathy and love like never before. My whole body filled up with an incommensurable amount of joy and happiness. Not just for myself ... but for Kitty as well.

"Erika ... Do it."

She slowly lifted the silky blindfold off my face.

Sitting on top of me was the girl of my life. Her soul was shining like a billion stars. I didn't remember her face all that much, but it was her. It was my Kitty, out of her latex suit for the first time since I fell in love with her.

I could finally lay my eyes on her real skin and face. She was as naked as she could have been, pure and vulnerable. They gave me, in this instant, the best birthday gift that I could have ever dreamed of. Kitty offered me her true self, body, and mind.

I raised my hand to touch her naked face for the first time... But Erika, a bit apprehensive, intercepted my arm before I reached Kitty.

"Careful Mark ..."

"It's... It's okay, Erika... I'm fine...," Kitty said.

Kitty gently grabbed my hand, which was the weirdest thing in the world, considering she never had use of hers around me. She had never touched me before. She pressed the palm of my hand on her warm post-orgasm cheek. This feeling was paradise. It was as if I were touching the most expensive diamond in the world. There was only one Kitty, and I finally met her without any second skin.

Syr, was behind her, watching the whole love scene, fully clothed. She never touched me, and I never touched her. She had merely been a voice actress who completely fooled me. Smiling calmly and playing in Kitty's hair doing a ponytail, she gave her a small hug from behind.

"Kitty, what are you doing? Hehe... You are supposed to kiss him now. He loves you so much, you know."

Kitty looked at Syr for a short moment and received a little encouraging nod in return. She slowly leaned forward and gave me a gentle kiss on my lips before pulling back with a worried look on her face.

"Do... Do you still love me like this?" Kitty asked.

"What do you think, cathead? I have loved you like this since I met you at the bookstore. Didn't you know that?"

"I... did... but... I was a bit scared... You loved latex Kitty so much on that first day ..."

"Kitty, Kitty, Theresa! Listen. Look at me. I always loved you without the suit... I always loved you with the suit... The only thing that is changing tonight is that I love you even more than before. I will always love you, and I will never let you go. Ever! No matter what you decide to do or wear."

Kitty curled into a small ball of cuteness atop my chest, once more unable to cope with her emotions. She hugged me tightly and whispered her joy.

"I love you, Mark."

The next few minutes were all about me cuddling my awesome birthday present. Syr was lighting back up all the dead candles to brighten the mood a bit. Erika, her, was just stuck behind me, waiting for this mushy scene to end. Playing in my hair was no longer entertaining, so her patience ran out, and she planted her metal claws in my shoulders.

"Aaaah!"

"Man, those things are awesome. Mark, it is going to be so much fun from now on."

"I don't think so, Erika. I don't think so... Didn't you see the carnage you have done? I needed bandages."

"It's just a flesh wound."

Syr looked at us, entertained, and I still had no idea who she was or what was her real personality. Would her acting change now that this whole event was over?

"Master Mark, there is one more thing we have for you tonight. It is for all of us, actually. Please, sit comfortably in your bed with your girlfriends, and I will be back in a few minutes."

That pretty much answered my question; she had no intention to stop acting as my maid. We started to undo our pile of sexual corpses. I lifted Kitty and moved her to my left side, then Erika was able to scout out to my right and get off my sweaty back. I was sitting in the middle. But it didn't go too well... Erika's authoritarian mood gave her the right to do whatever she wanted tonight.

"Move! I want to sit in the middle," she said.

"Why? It's my birthday! Aaaaaah! Stop with the claws already!"

"I found an untouched area under your armpit... Now move!"

Once more, we shuffled our body, and Erika claimed the middle. Immediately, naked Kitty started to cuddle with her new furry Erika.

"Erika, you are so soft... You are going to wear this suit all the time from now on."

"Hehe. Not all the time... but I love it, yes. I'll wear it for special events."

"No, you must wear it all the time."

"Kitty, stop. I won't do that."

"Yes, you will. You must!"

"Kitty, stop... "

"No, you must wear it all the time!"

"Mark, I changed my mind. You can sit next to the broken record now..."

"Nope... She is your girlfriend too, even when she enters her stubbornness mode."

Yes, things were going to be just fine. Kitty was still Kitty, in or out of her rubber catsuit, and already started to rediscover the joy being naked by rubbing her skin all over Erika's soft fur.

"Alright, guys, you are ready?"

Syr was climbing back up the stairs, accompanied by a lively glowing aura.

She entered the bedroom, carrying a small cake loaded with candles. The girls all started singing Happy Birthday to me. What a memorable evening. My girlfriends were so awesome.

As for Syr, she looked so proud. I loved her character, and I hoped that I would get an opportunity to get to know her better.

I would need a very long chat with everybody to understand everything that happened tonight.

\*\*\*

I woke up quite early this morning. Last night was absolute insanity in terms of emotional overload. My girlfriends were just the best, and if I were to lose them one day, I would never find anything remotely comparable.

I was sitting in my bed, rubbing my eyes, and next to me, two small pink latex catgirls were spooning, deeply asleep. Yeah, it didn't take long. Kitty and Erika, after the cake, decided that latex was fun, and they jumped back in their pink rubber cat costumes for another assault on my

person. I didn't think they were ever going to change all that much. They just loved latex too much.

I was not going to wake them up just yet. They worked hard and needed some extra rest. I grabbed my boxers and jeans and walked out of the room, silently closing the door behind me. Once half-dressed up, I went downstairs to the kitchen and brewed myself a coffee. Curiously the machine was already warm. Was Syr up already?

I didn't go to my backyard very often, but this morning I felt like it. The small wood behind my place would provide me with the serenity I needed to reflect on last night's events. I reached the patio door... it was already unlocked.

"What is she doing out there this early?"

Syr was already outside, dressed up in her maid uniform, minus her fake cat ears and tail, reading one of my books and drinking a coffee. I decided to join and sat next to her on the patio couch. She closed her book and cupped her coffee mug with her delicate hands, just smiling at me.

"Hey! You are up early... hum... Sorry, what is your name?"

"My name is Syr. You should know by now, Master Mark."

"Hehe. I see. You are still in character."

"It is not a character. I'm Syr, your maid."

Yeah, I was not even going to try arguing. It was too early for that, and I liked her a lot as is anyway. I could live without knowing more than she was showing me for now.

"Alright, Syr, why did you wake up so early?"

"I went to bed earlier than you since I had no business staying around while you were all having sex. Plus, I had to prepare what I needed to cook breakfast for everybody this morning."

"Aaah! You don't have to do all this, you know. But I have to admit you are an excellent cook."

"I am your maid, and it is what I do. I am happy to hear you enjoyed my cooking."

"I heard you, my maid. Hehe. You mentioned you were going to stay over this weekend? Maybe you'll have to lower the intensity on the birthday surprises, though, else I might not survive."

"Hehe, Master Mark, there are no more surprises I know of. But yes, I will be around all weekend. I will also come back when I can during the week and over the next weekends as well. I will hopefully make a difference in your life over time."

I choked on my coffee. What did Syr just say? Was this not a weekend only event? What did those catgirls plan behind my back again?

"You... You are going to stay... longer?"

"Of course! I will be here to take care of all of you, so you won't have to lift a finger anymore when you are home. You have enough to deal with your hard job already."

"Syr... What are you saying? Nobody told me about this."

"Master Mark, I fully understand your surprise, but your girlfriends decided. You can take the matter to them. There is nothing else I can say. They provided me with a small bedroom for the days when I can stay. I don't need much more. Erika said she is going to pay for my needs, so this shouldn't be a concern for you."

Erika ... again? She has been with us for only a month, and she took control of so many things around here. It was not very concerning to me, though, since she was a force for good. If she thought this was a good idea, she must be right. I was sure she would discuss all of this with me eventually. She was not stupid.

"Alright, Syr. Your help will be appreciated. So ... Can you tell me a bit about last night? You guys really have tricked me from the beginning to the end, right?"

"Haha, Master Mark. Of course, I can tell you. Yesterday, I lied to you all along. Every single thing that happened was part of our plan. Erika and Kitty are smart and know you like the back of their hands. Everything they told me about your potential reactions held. It made my job very easy."

"... Is that so? When you told me not to touch them, did you know I was going to do it?"

"Not that one, but it would have made no difference. Erika would have clawed you one way or the other. I just wanted to unsettle you."

"Why am I not surprised? And when you told me you were going to cuddle with me naked, and I removed my blindfold?"

"Yes, we knew you were going to freak out. It worked as planned."

"You faked to be embarrassed and hurt?"

"Of course, I did. And you believed me. It was great."

This maid was as evil as my two catgirls. I would have to be careful because she had some mad acting skills.

"So, you knew Erika scared me in the hallway while you made the bed?"

"Oh, yes. And one other thing I worked hard on was to enforce the thought that you couldn't touch me. It would have ruined the entire grand finale."

"About that ... How did you do that? You convinced me you were the one naked on top of me."

"That was hard, but it worked brilliantly. We knew you never got to touch Kitty while she was naked, so you had no strong reference to identify her as a naked person. When I placed the blindfold over your eyes a second time, Erika and Kitty tiptoed inside the room. Erika dropped some clothing on the floor to make you believe I had undressed, and Kitty went to you. I stayed near her to make you believe my voice was coming from her. It was really hard for her not to moan, but she did a great job else you would have recognized her right away. I don't need to explain to you why we put her hair in a bun... She desperately needs a haircut."

Wow ... The more Syr was telling me about this whole organization, the more amazed I got. I didn't feel too bad anymore for having been fooled. I couldn't believe they did it again. I didn't see it coming at all.

"Syr... about you?"

"What about me, Master Mark?"

"Well... How to say... Why did you do all of this? I mean... you participated in our sex game. Do you have a... special... relationship with Erika or something?"

"This was a special event I was willing to witness. I am your maid. So, I'm not demanding more. I'm just here to do my work. I do not need to be involved in a special relationship with any of you."

"Even with all the kinks that are going on around this house?"

"What you do with your girls does not affect my job."

"Aren't you going to join the fun?"

"Master Mark, I told you. You cannot touch me! I am not your girlfriend."

"Really? You aren't going just to stay here to cook and clean. That is not fun."

"Well, this is temporary, I won't perform my duties in this house for that much longer."

"Aaaaah ... Okay, so it's just a temporary job that Erika gave you for a couple of weeks or months? What you said earlier confused me. You were talking about staying here for a longer-term."

"Oh, no! You misunderstood. I'm your maid Master Mark, don't worry about this part. I am not going anywhere anytime soon. What I meant is that you are all going to move to her place in the upcoming months. So I will perform my duty in this new location. Not here."

"WHAT? MOVING?"

What in the world was she talking about? I was not going to move! This was my house. I lived here. I never told anybody that I wanted to move. Syr smiled and sipped some more of her coffee.

"Master Mark, you should take this topic to Erika and Kitty. Not to me. I'm just a maid."

"Ah, you know what, Syr? Stand up for a sec."

"... Okay? Why?"

They have been playing with my head so much since yesterday; no good deed goes unpunished. Syr was part of all this; she was going to learn that she couldn't always have everything going her way just because she was a cute maid. I extended my arms, and I pulled her into a big hug.

"Aaah! Master Mark! You cannot! Stop this at once!"

"Nope, you are my maid, and I want to do this. Come on, put your arms around me!"

"Haha! Master Mark! Stop ... Let me go! You are breaking the rules. I'm not your girlfriend!"

"No! Hug me first, and then I'll let you go."

I squeezed her a bit harder, playfully.

"Hahaha! Mark, stop! Aarr! You are crushing me! Okay! Okay! Here is your hug!"

"Good maid!"

Her little arms wrapped around me, and she giggled. That was mean from my part, but I was sure she wouldn't regret it.

While I was playing with Syr, the patio door slid open. Two small pink latex cats were staring at us in shock. One of them spat an order.

"Mark! What is this? What are you doing to our maid? Let her go!" Erika said.

"Oh? You two! Perfect timing! We need to have a long chat. I heard a rumor that we were going to move soon."

"What? Syr! Why did you tell him?"

Erika was totally in hot water now, and she knew it! I looked at Syr, MY maid, and gave her a command that I wished she would obey.

"Syr, you catch Erika, I'm taking care of Kitty."

"Yes, Master Mark!"

A very short pursuit ensued. It appeared Syr was quite efficient at hunting cats. Her skills would come handy in the future. I managed to squeeze both Kitty and Erika inside the crate. I didn't know it was big enough for the two of them... Well, it was not big enough, technically, but they fit quite well if I placed them in a 69 position with their crotches unzipped. Why didn't I think of this before? In a few hours, we would be able to have this well-needed conversation.

Syr and I were sitting at the kitchen island, eating our breakfast. Syr kept looking over her shoulder in the direction of the living room.

"Are you sure they are alright, Master Mark? They have been moaning quite a bit for the past hour."

"Oh yes, Syr. By the way... your breakfast is top-notch. Thank you."

"My pleasure, Master Mark."

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